

# A noise about nothing.

## O R, The Marshal *Villars's* LETTER To Major General *Evans*.

**T**HOU' my Affairs, good Master *Evans*,  
Are now at Sixes and at Sevens,  
And spight of all my buffing Speeches,  
My Heart is sunk within my Breeches,

Least *Marlborough*, who is got as far as  
*Bouchain*, may take that Place or *Arras*;  
Yet still my Native Country *France* is  
In somewhat better Circumstances,  
Than to have thirty Thousand Warriors  
Taken and slain within her Barriers;  
Her Standards and her Colours plunder'd,  
And Cannon much above a hundred.

This might have been, 'tis held for granted,  
Had I my present Forecast wanted,  
And not have skulk'd behind Morasses,  
Deep Rivers, and impervious Passes:  
But to give out, is most uncivil,  
That I am beaten to the Devil,  
And, to my very great Reproach,  
Coop'd up within your General's Coach,  
When I ne'er came within his sight,  
Or offer'd to engage in Fight.

This Rumour, as I since have gather'd,  
Is upon you most basely father'd,  
Who at that Time unfit for riding,  
Could neither carry Tale or Tiding;  
Since at this very Time it's said,  
At *Tournay* you are sick a-Bed,  
Tho' you from thence to *England* tost,  
Turn Courier in the *Flying Post*.

Believe me, Sir, it were but fitting,  
That Scoundrel should receive a Beating,  
For thus imposing Shams and Lyes  
On poor weak Mens Credulities.  
As for my part, if you Recover,  
And to *Great Britain* should get over,  
All I request, is, that you'll tell  
Your Fellow Subjects I am well,  
And like to be so, thus Encamp'd;  
However they have had me thump'd;  
Resolv'd yet further to retire,  
Should *Marlborough* approach me nigher,  
And from his Army run away,  
To live to fight another Day;  
Since I can never love the Name  
Of *Lichfield*, or of *Nottingham*,  
And should be wonderful Chagreen  
There with Count *Tallard* to be seen,  
Who ever shall abhor Men-killers,  
While I subscribe

Your Servant, VILLARS.

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Printed by *Rich. Newcomb*, in *Wine Office-Court*, *Fleetstreet*: Where is to  
be had *The London Gazette*, printed in the Year 1666; giving an Account  
of the Tryals and Condemnation of 8 Fanaticks, for contriving the Burning  
of *London*. Note, *The Right Gazette* may be known by having *Thomas*  
*Newcomb's Name* (the Printer) at the bottom; any other is a Sham one.